

The Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY CHARLES M. FISHER.

SWEETWATER, TENN., JANUARY 14, 1869.

Volume II—Number 13.
Price, \$2 a Year in Advance.

TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At two Dollars a Year,

Payable in Advance.

No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash. Advertisements will be charged, \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the author.

We copy entire Governor Brownlow's "editorial farewell" on retiring from the editorship of the Knoxville Whig.

Short as it is, it exhibits the public character of the man perfectly, and as he has consistently exhibited it during the thirty years he refers to, no matter on which side he has engaged himself. If, on retiring from the Whig he were going into private life, there are thousands of his political enemies in East Tennessee who would be willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and wish the ex-politician renewed health and prosperity. Governor Brownlow has always been esteemed in private life, and has particularly won the regard of that class of men with whom he has been brought so much in contact for the past thirty years—the printers. As he will wield a far less hurtful influence in the United States Senate than he has as Governor of the State of Tennessee and editor of the Whig, we are willing to attribute some share of his past public misconduct to a very mistaken idea of the character of the Apostle Paul, (whom he seems to have set up as a pattern,) but hope that between now and the 4th of March he may find time to discover the false conception he has for a life-time held in regard thereto. Who would ever have thought of St. Paul's being to blame for Governor Brownlow's political oppression of the people of Tennessee?

Here is what we say:

"The Whig, a journal I have edited for the last thirty years, now passes into other and more able and vigorous hands. As a member of the new company, owning the office, I shall feel a deep interest in the success of the enterprise, and will do all in my power to promote its success. In reviewing my long and eventful career as an editor, I have this to say, that had I my life to live over, I would pursue the same course I have pursued, only more so. If in past life I have been violent on some occasions, my apology is, that like the Apostle Paul, on many occasions I have fought with 'Beasts at Ephesus.' In taking my leave of many of my readers I will remind them that before they were born their parents were subscribers of mine. I have, however, the consolation to know that I have always taught both parents and children to hold fast to the forms of sound doctrine; and in defending them I have invariably uttered the words of truth and soberness. My friends, I wish every possible success in all the undertakings of life. Of my enemies I have no favors to ask, but am willing to let by-gones be by-gones."

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Two negro men were found dead in the French Minister's house at Washington a few mornings ago. Poison was suspected.

It is stated that the Freedman's Bureau furnished the negro Manard, who claims a seat in Congress, transportation to his home in Louisiana.

The Secretary of War reports that including one thousand volunteers, twenty six thousand troops are engaged defending the frontiers, guarding the Pacific Railroads, and fighting the Indians.

There will be four eclipses this year; three of the sun and one of the moon, as follows:

Partial eclipse of the moon, January 27th, beginning at 7h. 30m. in the evening.

Annual eclipse of the sun, February 11th, at 8h. 34m. in the morning.

Partial eclipse of the sun, July 23d, at 8h. 24m. in the morning.

Total eclipse of the sun, August 7th, at 4h. 6m. in the evening.

This will be the greatest eclipse of the sun that will happen in this country until the last year of the present century.

Where the Laugh Comes In.

"Drop me a line," as the drowning man said to the sailor on deck.

Why is a badly conducted hotel like a fiddle? Because it is a vile inn.

"I am going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said at the hymeneal altar.

A wag, speaking of the embarkation of troops, says, "Notwithstanding many of them left blooming wives behind, they all went away in transports."

A western paper gives itself the following pleasant obituary on Thanksgiving day: "No paper will be issued from this office to-morrow—nor any other day."

A Virginia boy, on Christmas day loaded a hickory log with powder, straddled it and touched it off. He and the log went off together.

A country paper, in puffing a certain soap, says, "It is the best ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face. We have tried it and therefore we know."

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman the question is, which is the one? Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this question is finally settled.

A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire the other day, pleaded in extenuation for his conduct that he had been at the place only a few days, and hadn't learned the rules.

A little child being asked by a Sunday School teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I suppose they dried themselves."

A young man, illiterate but polite, on being invited to a wedding, sent a note in response, saying, "I regret that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence will prevent my acceptance of the invite."

A lady who has had a long experience as a housekeeper, and knows something of the insolence of servants, declares that she always finds, contradictory though it may appear, that those who don't answer suit her best.

A lady said to her husband in Jerrold's presence, "My dear, you certainly want some new trousers." "No, I think not," replied the husband. "Well," said Jerrold, "I think the lady who always wears them ought to know."

It is said of a popular lecturer, that on announcing to his wife, who had her own opinion of his talents, that he was going to lecture at Sheffield, the lady replied: "At Sheffield? I am so glad; I always hated those Sheffield people."

"You, Sambo, have you fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed 'um," replied Sambo. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one. De little speckled pig frisk about so much dat me couldn't count him."

An Ohio landlord caught an overcoat thief in the act and commenced caning him. During the process the landlord suddenly dropped dead from apoplexy. The thief declared that it was a judgment of Heaven, and piously went his way with the overcoat.

A late judge whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness, "humbled you, my good woman, what do you mean by that?" "Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly; but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."

A Quaker broker in New York having had a bag of gold stolen from his counter while he stepped into his back room for a moment, never mentioned the loss to any one, but quietly bided his time. Several months afterwards, a neighbor being in his office carelessly asked, "Have you ever heard anything about that bag of gold that you lost?" "Ah, John," replied the Quaker, "thou art the thief, or thou wouldn't not have known anything about it!" The shrewd old Quaker was right and the gold was restored with interest.

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, the police officers arrest all children found in the streets during school hours, unless they can give a good account of their absence. An Irish boy recently told an officer that he had been excused to attend a funeral. He was found very soon after at a base ball match. The officer inquired why he was not at the funeral. The reply was that he had been down to the man's house but that he wasn't dead yet.

"I'll bet you a bottle of wine that you will get out of that chair before I ask you twice."

"Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey so promptly.

"Get up."

"I will not," was the reply.

"Then stay there until I ask you a second time."

The gentleman, having no desire to retain his position until that period, vacated his seat, and his opponent won the bet.

The Freedmen's Bureau.

On the 1st instant this institution ceased to exist except in its "educational feature." Whether the Bureau will not be wholly continued in the three un-reconstructed States or not, depends upon the action taken on Mr. Pomeroy's bill providing for that very thing. The Military Committee have the bills under advisement, and, if made a party consideration, the bureau can be revived before the work of disbandment has begun. Senator Sumner is in favor of retaining the whole system in the Southern States, irrespective of reconstruction, to keep the Southern whites from the violence he affects to apprehend they will visit on the blacks. It is the general sentiment however, that the bureau having failed to answer the purpose of its establishment, the building up of a great negro party at the South, had better wind up. Senator Wilson is in favor of this idea himself and so is General Howard. Any investigation into the affairs of the concern, any auditing of its accounts, seems to be abandoned and this in the face of the fact that \$350,000 of government money are believed to be fraudulently held by an institution known as the Howard University, located at Washington city. Several months are expected to elapse before the bureau can wind up all its affairs, but its legal life ends with the year.—Union & American.

Let it Alone Boys.

Let wuat alone? To drink that stuff in the drunkard's bowl! Aye, let that alone! Don't even learn how it tastes. As the serpent fascinates the bird only to destroy it, so strong drink charms at first, but kills at last. The first drop may charm you, therefore don't drink the first drop. If you wish to enjoy good health, if you value a pure character, if you want to be happy and make others happy, if you wish to go to heaven, avoid strong drink. Beware of the first drop. See yonder youth with irons on his hands and feet. He is in prison. Another youth, with weeping eyes, is bidding him farewell. It is a sad farewell, for the prisoner is about to be led out to die. He is a murderer. The law is about to take his life. What does he say? These are his words: "Remember what I told you, let liquor alone!"

Good reason had he for giving this advice. Liquor had brought him to a felon's doom. Let the boys, aye, the girls, too, heed his advice, "Let liquor alone."

What they Were.

The President had a grand reception on New Year's Day and "Jenkins" was there of course, in all his glory. He reports what some of the distinguished ladies wore on the occasion, which we publish for the benefit of our lady readers:

Mrs. Patterson wore a rich black Lyons velvet, with full train, trimmed with narrow folds of satin and small bugles; a bortha of rich black lace, and sash of same material as the dress; jewelry of jet and gold, with white gloves; hair crimped and dressed with two curls.

Mrs. Stover was attired in a heavy black silk, trimmed with bugles; sash of the same material as the dress; jewelry of Etruscan gold, and white gloves; hair crimped and dressed with a single white camelia.

Mrs. Postmaster General Randall was attired in a lilac gros grain silk, with full train, black lace point, and bonnet of purple illusion with crystal trimmings.

Miss Browning, daughter of the Secretary, wore a short black silk, with parrot flounces, black velvet paletot, green satin sash, and white illusion bonnet.

Mrs. Attorney General Evans wore a rich black Lyons velvet, with head dress of point lace, and coral jewelry.

Mrs. Secretary McCulloch wore a heavy lustrous silk with panier skirt and paleot of the same material as the dress.

Mrs. Secretary Schofield was dressed in full mourning.

Miss Carpenter, with Secretary Seward, wore a wine colored poult de soi, with short black velvet paletot, and white illusion bonnet.

Mrs. Gerolt, the wife of the Prussian Minister, wore a black, watered moire antique, with black velvet cloak, bonnet of white lace, with green trimmings.

Miss Gerolt wore a short black Empress cloth dress, with panier skirt, and short black velvet cloak and blue bonnet.

The New York Herald graphically depicts the situation: "Georgia is out of gear; Florida is in a muddle, Louisiana is turned topsy-turvy, with the negroes at the bottom, which will never do, Arkansas is given over to ruffianism, and even Tennessee is a shocking example of law and order. These belong to the reconstructed States, and two or three of them, at least, are to be reconstructed over again."

The Iron Vault.

I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination, rendering it one of the most agreeable pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its return in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasures piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace-destroying missives, that the dangerous evidence of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband or father possessing the mystic key; to force the fastenings of cash-boxes and depositaries of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in this—no food for speculation? No scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative, and mine is scarcely more than the introduction. Let him who deals in fancy write the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath her cloak a small japanned box requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil disclosing a sweet face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not very well, madam, and the night air is too chilly!" said I, rather inquisitively. I felt a rebuke in her reply:

"In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons passing."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed:

"That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it; if I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to keep the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a suddenly discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid discovered a bundle of letters and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket looked the box, and drawing the veil over her face pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered—"Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About 2 o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of the May following, I was awakened by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of my bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the

hammer, and peering out into the darkness, for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; "open the door, I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours I should say, but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"No one that can," I replied rather emphatically by way of a warning, as I tightened my grip on the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, slowly opened the door, and discovered the stranger already upon the stairs.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle.

Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over his eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledged to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light on a table and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box a month before. Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded. Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:

"Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work, before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation?"

"It is a labor common to your calling," replied the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it is to be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blindfolded."

Idea of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime of villainy hurriedly presented themselves to my vision, and I politely bowed and said:

"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?"

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification on being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault and—"

"You have gone quite far enough with the explanation," I interrupted, "I am not at your service."

"To whom does this vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy or rather how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I suspected him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspects as much and closed the door upon him. Presupposing he had left the vault and quit the house by the backdoor, but I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convince me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so stupefied that the

lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all sir; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; a cab is waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat and providing myself with the required implements, I was at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in seat ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy handkerchief, which by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound around my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour it stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in sight of but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then, taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me through a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped, beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprung the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion calling me not to close it as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady reappeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with a face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the long three days of his confinement.

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern. "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! No!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm: "it awaits another occupant."

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted me patiently, holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion and continued, "Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

I could not mistake the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse was the only evidence I could summon, in my bewilderment, that all I had just done and seen was not a dream.

Months after that I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault, walking leisurely along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to this day. The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

The military "took charge of the Ogechee troubles" in Georgia on the 6th instant. The preliminary organization of the citizens to act on the Sheriff's posse was discontinued. The troubles quieted immediately upon the interference of the military. Fourteen insurgents surrendered themselves to the authorities, and others implicated were expected to give themselves up.